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No. 19

TIM HOLT

WESTERN ADVENTURES

10c



in this issue
"They Dig by Night!"
a Ghost Rider Thriller!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



TIM HOLT



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TIM HOLT

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THE BITTER BREATH OF DEATH BLOWS HOT AND COLD FOR TIM HOLT AS HE BATTLES PUFFETS, BLIZZARD AND THE TREACHEROUS HOSPITALITY OF A RUTHLESS KILLER, TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A MAN HE NEVER MET! HERE IS THE STORY... THE STORY OF—

"THE
EFFICIENT
MURDERER!"



AS A LATE SPRING SNOWSTORM RAVAGES THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF THE GRAND WASH...

THAT MAN DOWN BELOW—HE'S HURT BAD!



HUMI LOOKS AS IF HE'S HAD A CASE OF LEAD POISONING—JUDGING BY THOSE WOMEN WHO ARE SHOOTING AT HIM! ...STEADY, LISTENING!



TIM HOLT



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TIM HOLT



AND AS THE FIERCE WIND HOWLS,
BLASTING THE CUTTING SNOW BEFORE
IT AND PILING IT IN GIANT DRIFTS, TIM
AND THE GREAT GOLDEN STALLION LIE
Huddled TOGETHER...



MEANWHILE JUST MISSING THE
BLIZZARD BY MILLERS MARGIN
EMERGE INTO THE SUNNY VALLEYS OF
LOWER CALIFORNIA. SOON THEY
FACE HAWK-FEATURED DON
ESTEBAN SOROLLA —

SOP, ANOTHER COMES WITH THE
BANDANNA, EH? WELL, IF HE
LIVES THROUGH THE STORM, HE
WILL REQUIRE FOOD AND SLEEP.
WE'LL INVITE HIM HERE!
HE WILL GET THE SLEEP HE
NEEDS — THE SLEEP OF
DEATH!



TRUST DON ESTEBAN
TO THINK OF SUCH
A THING!



YOU WILL WANT
FOOD, EH?
SLEEP?
FOOD
I'VE FORGOT.
TEN
WHAT THEY ARE!



THANK YOU, SIR. I'VE HAD A
ROUGH TIME... BACK THERE!



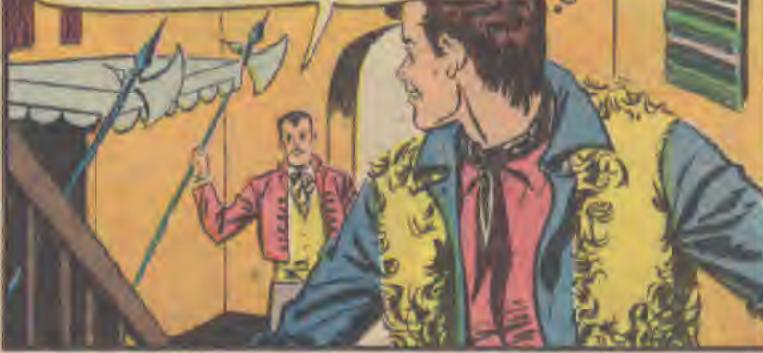
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AFTER A HEARTY MEAL, DURING WHICH TIM RELATED TO THE WRYLY SMILING DON ESTEBAN THE PURPOSE OF HIS VISIT...

SLEEP WELL SENOR! I WILL SEND A RIDER TO EL TORO ORO TO HALT THE HANGING OF SENOR MELTON UNTIL YOU ARRIVE WITH THE PROOF SENOR TOOKEY GAVE YOU...

SEÑOR TOOKEY? WHY? HOW...?

YES... SLEEP WELL! NO ONE KNOWS THAT I KILLED DON DIESTLANTE. IF IT WERE NOT FOR THAT ACCURSED WHITE NECKERCHIEF HE ALWAYS WORE... ON WHICH IS THE IMPRINT OF MY SCARRED PALM... NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW ANYTHING!



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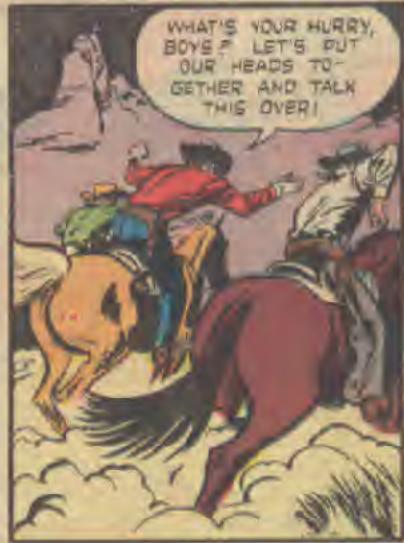
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TIM HOLT

JUST KEEP GOING RIGHT AHEAD—
TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE! WE
DON'T TOLERATE SHOOTINGS IN
THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY.



DUKE, TIM HOLT'S
BRINGING IN SHORTY
AND CHUCK!

DON'T WORRY BIFF! THEY
WON'T STAY IN JAIL LONG!
GO GET LAWYER SKIFFY. I
GOT A LITTLE LEGAL JOB
FOR HIM!

WE'RE IN FOR A LOT MORE TROUBLE,
DUKE. TIM! THERE'LL BE MORE SHOOTINGS
AND KILLINGS! DUKE SANDERS HAS
SHUT OFF THE WATER TO FORCE THE
RANCHERS IN THE VALLEY BELOW
TO SELL OUT AND MOVE!



SO WHAT IF THAT WATER IS ON
MY LAND AND I HAVE A LEGAL
RIGHT TO FENCE IT OFF?

MAYBE YOU DO HAVE A LEGAL RIGHT... BUT RANCHERS
AROUND HERE HAVE BEEN USING THAT WATER EVER SINCE
THE VALLEY WAS FIRST SETTLED! UNTIL YOU CAME,
WE WERE NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS—!



I DIDN'T COME HERE TO ARGUE WITH YOU, HOLT! I'M
HERE TO SWEAR OUT A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF
STEVE RILEY FOR TRESPASSING AND DESTROYING MY
PROPERTY! AND TO HAVE MY MEN RELEASED!
LAWYER SKIFFY HERE WILL BACK ME UP!

SHORTY AND CHUCK WERE
ON MR. SANDERS' LAND WHEN
THEY SHOT RILEY. RILEY
WAS IN THE ACT OF CUTTING
THE WIRE FENCE...

YOU CAN CUT OUT THE
PALAVER, SKIFFY! I'LL
ARREST STEVE RILEY
...BUT ONLY BECAUSE
I CAN'T HELP DOING
IT!



TIM HOLT



While the professional killer is being brought in, Tim and Chito ride over the range, studying the course of the river that brings life-giving water to the valley.



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

MEANWHILE, ON THE T-BAR-H AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

I ASKED YOU MEN HERE BECAUSE I BELIEVE DUKE SANDERS IS THROUGH PLAYING LEGAL GAMES! FROM NOW ON, HE'S GOING TO USE FORCE TO TAKE OVER YOUR RANCHES... AND SINCE HE HATES ME MOST, HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO START HERE!



YOU GOT INTO THIS FIGHT ON OUR ACCOUNT, TIM. YOUR CATTLE HAD WATER... IT WAS US THAT DUKE SANDERS HAD OVER A BARREL! IF HE COMES HERE... BY GUM! YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ARE GOIN' TO STICK RIGHT BY YOU, TIM.

THAT'S HOW THE WHOLE LOT OF US FEEL, TIM!



AS THE BLOODY BATTLE RAGES...

INSTEAD OF US GETTING THE SURPRISE — IT'S SANDERS WHO'S BEEN CAUGHT UNAWARES! I THINK THEY'LL BREAK IN A MINUTE OR SO, SO, SO!

SU! SU! THEY DO NOT LIKE THE SMELL OF GUN-SMOKE, EH, COMPAGNER? SEE OVER THERE? BY GODNESS! LET'S DUKE SANDERS... HE'S FOR TO BE RUNNING AWAY!



SOME MINUTES LATER, AS SANDERS' DESPERADES CHARGE THE T-BAR-H...



SANDERS IS RUNNING ALL RIGHT... LEAVING HIS MEN IN THE LURCH! COME ON, LIGHTNING! WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THAT HOMBRE GET AWAY!

EES GOOD, TIM! KEEPS HORSE SHE STUMBLE AND HE EES FOR RUNNING AWAY BY FOOTS ACROSS THE CREEK!

THE FOOL! THAT CREEK HAD A SANDY BOTTOM... AND THE WATER HAVENT ALL DRIED OUT YET! HE'S WALKING INTO QUICKSAND!

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The GHOST RIDER



IN ALL THE ANNALS OF WESTERN CRIME, THERE IS NOTHING MORE GHULISH THAN THE TALE OF THE OPENED GRAVES AT MIDNIGHT! THE MONSTERS WHO VIOLATED THE GRAVE-YARD WERE SO GREEDY THAT THEY WOULD NOT PERMIT EVEN THE BONES OF THE DEAD TO REST IN PEACE... READ HOW THE GHOST RIDER COMES TO GRIPS WITH THIS GRISLY HORROR IN—

**THEY
DIG BY
NIGHT!**

ONE DAY, AS A NEW SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION IS BEING CARRIED INTO THE BANK...

IT'S A ROBBERY!

Tarnation!
Whar'd they come from so sudden?

BANK



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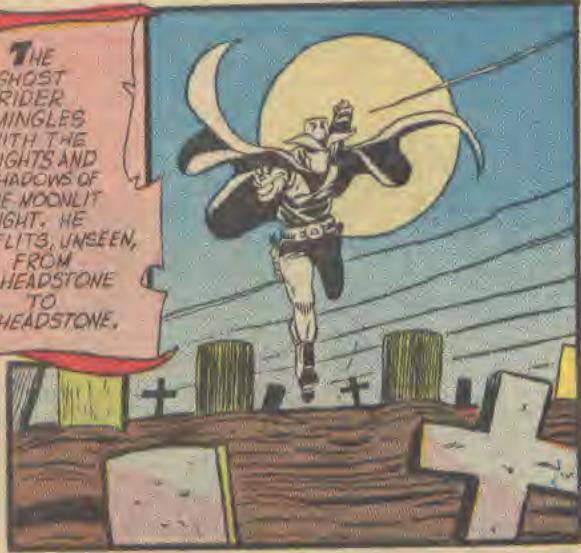
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REX FURY IS RIGHT. TWO MONTHS GO AND STILL NOT TRACE OF THE GOLD TURNS UP. BUT TWO MONTHS LATER, AS REX, IN THE QUISE OF THE GHOST RIDER, PATROLS THE NIGHT.

STRANGE! - THE SOUND OF IRON ON STONE COMING FROM OVER THAT HILL! BUT THAT'S WHERE THE GRAVE-YARD IS! WHAT WOULD ANYONE BE DOING THERE AT MIDNIGHT?



THE GHOST RIDER MINGLES WITH THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE MOONLIT NIGHT. HE FLITS, UNSEEN, FROM HEADSTONE TO HEADSTONE.



THESE MEN ARE DIGGING UP A GRAVE! WHAT A SACRILEGE!

CEASE YOUR GHOLISH WORK! CANNOT THE DEAD REST IN PEACE?

YEOW! A GHOST!



THE GHOST RIDER WILL TEACH YOU RESPECT FOR THE DEAD! ONLY THE LOWEST OF SCOUNDRELS WOULD ROB A GRAVE!

QUICK, MEN - LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR!



THEY'RE SLIPPING AWAY! IT WAS A MISTAKE NOT TO HAVE MY HORSE, SPECTRE, NEARBY.



SO! THIS BEGINS TO TAKE ON MEANING! IT WAS THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN OWLHOOOT THEY WERE DIGGING INTO! THE TRAIL GROWS CLEARER - THE TRAIL OF GOLD!



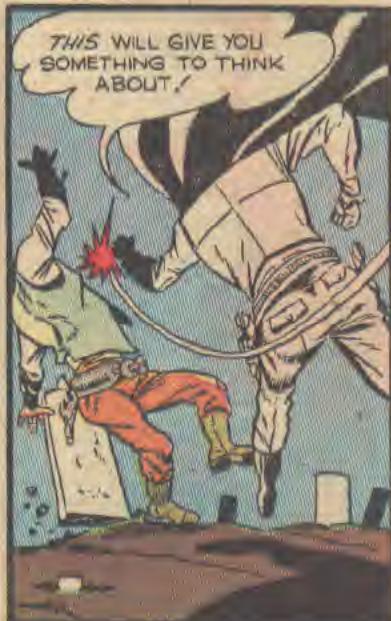
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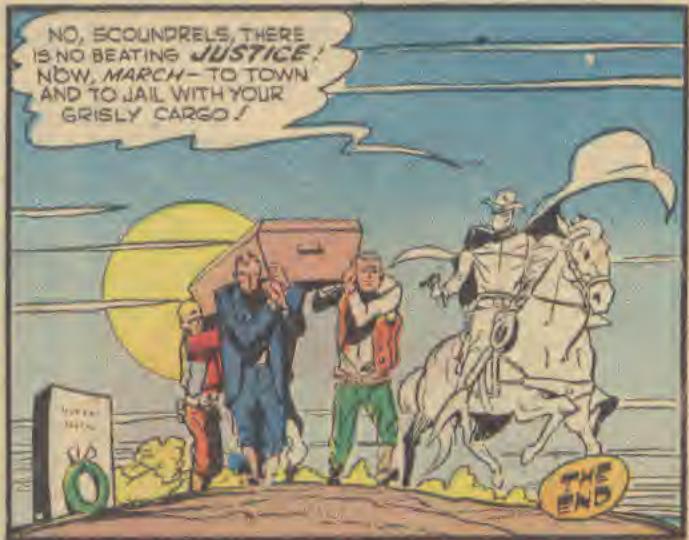
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BULLETS FOR THE BADMEN

JIM Perkins triggered his Colt Peacemaker just as the last of the road-agents who had robbed the baggage car of the stalled Kansas-Pacific train drove spurs into his mount's sides. He climbed to his feet, brushing his black Stetson back on his unruly yellow hair. His sixgun made a weight on his hip as he dropped it into his holster. He looked down the length of the train where the limp body of the baggage-car messenger lay sprawled in the hot sunlight.

Jim walked down past the cars, eyes alert on the ground for anything the gun-slicks might have dropped, that would give him a clue, any sort of clue. The only thing he found, under the open baggage-car doors, was a length of splintered wood, with the black numerals, 32, on it. Idly he bent his tall body, lifted the wood and put it thoughtfully into a pocket. All around, the passengers were bending over the messenger, helping him to his feet.

"Just grazed my shoulder," growled the messenger. "Jumped me 'fore the train had stopped."

"What'd they get?" asked the soft-spoken Perkins.

"Couple boxes ammunition bound for Fort Cobb. That's all."

Jim swung back onto the train, just as a warning whistle from the steam-spewing engine belched into the hot sagebrush air.

Sheriff Tom Howland was a short, stocky man, with the remains of two meals still staining his blue whipcord vest. He looked up sharply at the tall length of Texas Ranger Jim Perkins, swinging gracefully from the K.P. passenger car. Sunlight spotted the ranger badge on Perkins' coat, and made it glint.

Swiftly, Sheriff Howland crossed toward Jim, hand outstretched. "Just heard about the holdup. I'm Howland, sheriff here at Trinidad."

Jim nodded, swallowing the smaller man's pudgy hand in his long fingers. He let a smile sit on his lips. "Heard you were having a mess of trouble with the Mesa Colorado bunch. I ran into 'em myself, a while back."

The sheriff fell into stride with Jim as they went across the dusty main street of the little cowtown and into a dirty, fly-specked restaurant, where half a dozen cowhands and miners sat wolfing food. Jim dropped on a counter seat, hooked his long legs behind the seat-post, and bent his cold eyes on the little sheriff.

"Think that was the Mesa Colorado bunch that held up the train?"

"Plumb certain of it," grated the sheriff. "Couple of the boys on the train—who know the Mesa bunch—identified them."

The Ranger nodded, drumming his fingers idly. His mind went back over these hot moments of the robbery, remembering in clarity now the heavy slamming of the guns, the shrill whine of lead bullets ricochetting off the engine boiler, hearing a woman's scream lifting up eerily amid the cursing of the men. He shook his head. There was something about the fight—something about what happened afterward—that kept annoying him. It was something that he should know. He had the facts, the important facts. But he couldn't put them together.

It's like part of a dream that keeps slipping away from you, the more you try to remember it, he thought. *Or like a half-broke bronc: leave him alone, and he'll come around. Go after him, and he'll run!*

Abruptly, he turned again to the sheriff. "I'll want a good horse."

The sheriff nodded. "Got two in my corral. Both mares. Fast, with plenty of gut to them." Then he looked up in surprise. "You ain't figgerin' on ridin' out after them so soon? Why, man, we've hunted that bunch for weeks! We know they hole up in the breaks, but we've never been able to get close." The sheriff scowled, and his jaw muscles worked. "Maybe it's a good thing. They'd cut us to ribbons in them canyons."

"They're rustlers. Killers. It's my job to go get them."

The little sheriff caught a look at the cold blue eyes set in the browned face beside him. Despite himself, and the heat of the restaurant, Sheriff Howland felt an icy chill run down his spine.

He let the piebald pony move across the sands, cool under the blue bowl of night sky. Whenever he could, Jim Perkins liked to ride in the darkness, with the heat of the day a thing of the past. Here in the chill night air, with a sheepskin coat keeping himself warm, a man could think, with only the twinkling stars and an occasional coyote howl to back-

TIM HOLT

ground his thoughts.

This was another routine job, for Perkins. But he knew that all his cases had angles, facets. He had to know these facets in advance. If he had not always known them, a lead cylinder from a .45 or a .44, the typical western badman's gun, would have lodged in his rib case a long time ago. He was confident about his facts. But one thing kept bothering him—the elusive knowledge, like something from a dream, that he should have hit upon before now; that fact that kept running from him as a jackrabbit runs from a hound.

He made good time in the night's stillness, taking the piebald up a long slope rising gently from the lower levels into the higher country, that broke, as if under a giant's blow, into scattered ridges and rock canyons. It formed a natural labyrinth of volcanic rock and sandstone.

It was well into late morning when he sighted the plume of smoke lifting skywards from a small canyon to the west. He kicked the piebald to a steady run, until within an hour he was able to swing from the saddle a hundred yards above a small cabin set back in the shadow of a rock overhang.

Two men were in front of the cabin, mending a saddle. There were others inside, playing cards. Jim could see them through the window. He counted seven. Chuckling dryly, he slid his Winchester from the saddle sheath. There had been seven men in the gang who'd held up that K-P train yesterday and run off with that ammunition.

"Ammunition!"

His hand went to the splinter of wood he had picked off the ground and thrust into his shirt pocket. He took it out and stared at it, and he put a grin on his mouth and left it there.

"There'll be some fireworks plenty soon, bronc," he told the piebald who laid its ears forward. "Stick around!"

He sent his first shot into the saddle between the two men. They went backwards off their heels, hands going for their guns. One of them knelt, hunting with his eyes for the hidden marksman. Jim let him see the smoke curling up from his gun-barrel. A shot ripped the air over him and Jim Perkins laid the oiled, polished stock of his rifle against his cheek and rammed a .45-40 bullet into the road agent two inches above his knee. The man crumpled and lay still.

The other outlaw yelled and dove for the door. It swung shut in his face. The man drummed his fists on the door, his face turned back toward the Ranger, a white blur of fear. And then the door was opening, and the man was falling inside.

There was no answering gunfire, and Jim knew why. Chuckling deep in his throat, he

set the rifle to his shoulder again and began to fire carefully and systematically at the crude 'dobe chimney which was belching its smoke up into the drifting canyon wind currents. Five bullets placed at the correct angles broke off a good amount of the chimney and dropped it, in big chunks, down the shaft. Soon there was no more smoke coming out of it.

"Bet there's plenty of smoke in that cabin," Jim mused. "When that busted 'dobe blocks that chimney the smoke won't have any place to go but inside that one-room cabin."

He sent another bullet into the door, then called out,

"Come on, one at a time! Hands up. Shellbelts off!"

He was answered by a hoarse curse. A gun shoved out of the window and sent a .45 bullet somewhere in his general direction.

Jim tried again. "There's a pack of boys from Trinidad trailin' me right now. When they get here we'll make a rush. You'd better save yourselves a necktie party. I'm a Ranger. I'll take you back to a trial in the Capitol. You know what some of those hotheads from town might do."

He let them chew that over for ten minutes. He knew their rat-minds would be conjuring up seven lassoes looped across a tree-limb and seven bodies—their bodies—dangling from the nooses. He sent another bullet at the cabin, driving this one through the window. A man screamed from inside the shack. Smoke came out. He heard them coughing and choking.

"You can't stand a siege," Jim shouted. "You held up that train yesterday and stole some ammunition. But I reckon you'd better take a look at what you got!"

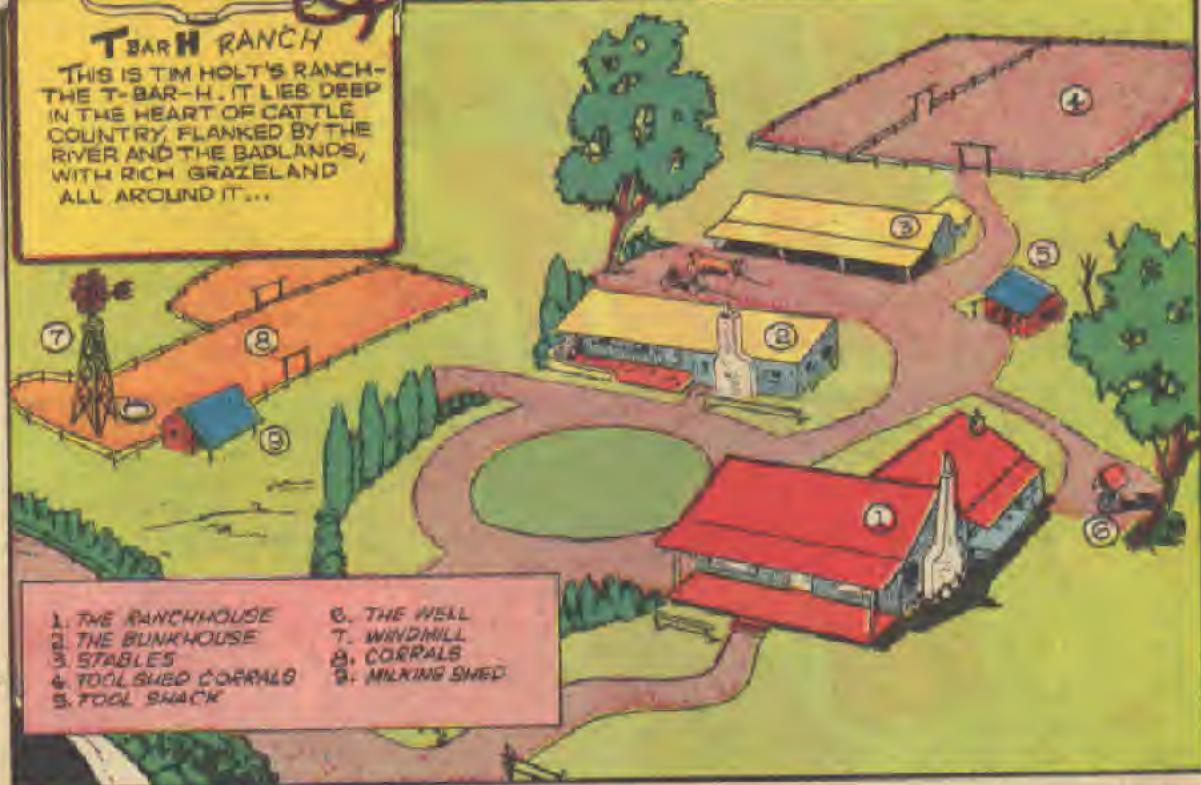
There was a silence. Nobody swore or cursed. He knew then that the outlaws had already broken open the crates—and found the useless bullets. He touched the splintered wood in his pocket, and the grin spread on his face. That tantalizing thought that had kept eluding him was elusive no longer. Almost in shame he muttered to himself. "Dog-gone, I should have thought of it even sooner than I did. A man who uses bullets as much as I do! Those owlhoots down there all use .45 or .44 Colts. They have no more use for .32 caliber bullets than I have! And that's what they got in that train robbery! Bullets for the women folk at Fort Cobb to do a little ladylike shooting!"

He took the little splintered piece of wood from his pocket and looked down at the .32 on it. He tossed it aside as the door below opened, and the six men came out unarmed, with their hands held high above their heads, tears from the thick smoke streaming from their eyes.

THE END

T-BAR RANCH

THIS IS TIM HOLT'S RANCH—THE T-BAR-H. IT LIES DEEP IN THE HEART OF CATTLE COUNTRY, FLANKED BY THE RIVER AND THE BADLANDS, WITH RICH GRAZELAND ALL AROUND IT...



1. THE RANCHHOUSE
2. THE BUNKHOUSE
3. STABLES
4. TOOLSHED CORRAL
5. POOL HALL

6. THE WELL
7. WINDMILL
8. CORRALS
9. MILKING SHED

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FRANK BOYLE

To live or to die if that was the great gamble! It was all in the deck—and the dealer was the crookedest cheatinest gambler in the West! Tim Holt had to stake his life on the turn of a hand, even though he knew there was—
“DANGER
IN THE CARDS!”

THAR SHE IS—RED HOOK! SHE'S A SWEET LITTLE COW TOWN WITH PLENTY O' COWBOYS FOOTLOOSIN' AROUND WITH THEIR LEVIS FULL O' PAYDAY DOLLS!

BUT THET PAYDAY MONEY SHORE AINT GOIN' TUH LAST TOO LONG—ONCE WE SET UP BUSINESS, RIGHT?

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, SHUFFLE,
YEE-HAW-HAW-HAW!



TIM HOLT

WELL SET UP RIGHT OVER HERE,
MEN-IN THET OPEN FIELD. RIGHT
HANDY, TOO—NEXT TO THE BANK.
KNOW WHUT I MEAN?



NEXT MORNING, BRIGHT AND
EARLY—COWBOY'S PAYDAY...

HURRY, HURRY-HURRY!
TURN THET PAYDAY PIN MONEY
INTUH A FORTUNE! THAR'S
THUH CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
INSIDE—ROLL THE DICE, SPIN
THE ROULETTE WHEEL, TRY A
HAND AT CARDS. SEE THE
WHEEL OF FORTUNE GO
ROUND AN ROUND...



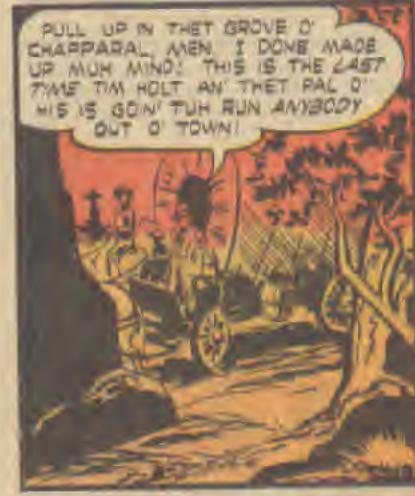
CHITO
LOOK
WHO'S
HERE?
AN OF MU! BET BEES
SHUFFLE THE GAMBLER!
THEES PEFG WEEB NOT
UNDERSTAND, EH? WE
PUSH HEEM OUT OF ONE
TOWN AN'-SAM—HE RE-
TURNS TO PLAGUE US
EEN ANOTHER
WAN!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



WHAT'D YUH MEAN, HOLT?



WHAT'VE I GOT TO LOSE? EITHER WAY, THE VARMINT DIES!

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WHO IS THIS MAN?

Is he hero or villain . . . ?
Is he an outlaw or
does he ride on the
side of justice . . . ?
You'll meet him
in the next issue of
TIM HOLT COMICS!



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